

Thursday Help Wanted Ads. Repeated In The Evening World Free.

**The Great Assignment Sale of the
Stock of Well-Known Firm of  A. H. KING & CO.
IS STIRRING UP THE TOWN.**

**THERE IS NO RESERVE. EVERYTHING MUST GO---AT ONCE.
STORE OPEN UNTIL 9.30 SATURDAY NIGHT.**

LEOPOLD WEIL, Assignee.
THE STOCK OF
A. H. KING & CO.,
627-629 BROADWAY, Near Bleecker Street.

LEARNING HER SECRET.
Two Bright Girls exercise Their Taste to Good Advantage.

"I believe that Hilda is engaged," remarked the girl with the ruffles on

TALK OF THE TURF.

was largely the fault of Starter Laughlin. It was the fourth race, six furlongs. The horses broke, went the red flag, but it did not. Some of the jockeys claim that the yellow flag went down, and Li Speculation and Bellevue, sent on

quered. "Why did she positively say 'I'm'?"

"She told the girl with the grass-green gloves, says the Chicago Tribune."

"But I ask her 'I notice, though, that she thinks every man that looks at her in the street is in love with her.'"

"Oh! Well, you may be right. I have noticed that there is always a bunch of fellows of random nowadays."

"Yes, and she has begun to speak of Arthur as 'Mr. Nowdays.'"

"Come to think of it, she does. He

Little Prospect of Compromise Between Monmouth and Bridget.

ashing heads apart, with Speculation in front. Both men pined up on their turn. They were sent back on the post, but in the final heat were not the dark horses. The winner, carrying a sixteen-th of a mile, with Mabel Gray from Monmouth, was the first of raising the flag and holding it in the air, and it is a wonder that a Judge Newton beat a lot of money. Speculation and Bridget were wrothy.

[illegible]

the first," suggested the girl with the grass-green gloves.

"Maybe, noting that no one really takes any interest in an engaged man, except, perhaps, the florist. It is different with the girl, though."

"Isn't it? The fact that she is 'taken' seems to add to a man's interest. Now, with the girl, it is just the opposite."

"That is something that an artist can't say," said the girl.

There is something that an artist can say. It is something that an artist can say. It is something that an artist can say.

Girl May Do.

Coming down Washington street any time during the past two days, you would have seen a crowd of people in front of a window near Winter at says the Boston Herald.

Exemptions were directed to the

instatement.

then I said," suggested the girl with the grass-green gloves.

"Maybe," I notice that no one really takes any interest in an engaged man, except, perhaps, the florist, who is always with a girl, though."

"I think that she is 'taken,' seems to add to a man's interest. Now there was Julia—you remember Julia?"

"Yes, a plain thing, dressed in black. The men went wild over her."

"I think they did," said the girl, who claimed that her heart was buried in England, of the man she was engaged to."

"I remember," the girls used to call her "the girl with the heart in England."

"Doggst Must Apologize to Mr. Dwyer to Secure Re-instatement."

The racing and its attendant incidents at Monmouth Park yesterday was sensational enough to satisfy the most ex-

There is something "that an artist" says.

Coming down the Washington street any time during the past two days, was sure to see a crowd of people who were waiting for the "Winkler" says the Boston Herald.

Everybody seems to be attracted, men as well as women, while small boys tore their noses against the plate glass and looked wondering at the delights therein displayed.

There is something so novel, there was something indescribably chatting about this one.

"Did you ever have a widow for a chaparran?" suddenly asked the girl with the ruffles on her skirt. "Sure," replied the girl with the ruffles. "Because I have, and it is ever so much nicer. It saves you lots of mistakes, and, besides, she has no husband to

[illegible]

"What a shame! Look! He comes Hilola, and Arthur is with her." "See, and they seem to be quarreling desperately. Yes, they are undoubtedly engaged."

STILL ANOTHER WAY

STILL ANOTHER WAY. Friends of the Monmouth Park Association, Treasurer Dwyer and L. Manager Crafts, are appealing to the members of the Monmouth Park Association has any intention of compromising or receding from its original programme. Brighton is said to be satisfied with its game, and the "Halls of Records" will be a permanent feature of the park.

The two men spoke simultaneously and reacted about the same instant. The man in the rumpled piece of green paper that lay on the sidewalk, says the Chicago Tribune.

The man with the purple necktie was a shade the quicker of the two. His hand closed over the paper just in time to be seen by the camera.

Jockey Duggetti has been suspended. The immediate cause was insolence to Philip Dwyer, who questioned the jockey regarding Sirocco's poor performance. Duggetti jumped to the hasty conclusion that Mr. Dwyer was suspicious of his horse.

It is the first window of the enclosed city that is so brightly lit, and conclusively that here is another area of pleasant labor open to the art girl.

Bohemian Committee in Session
CHICAGO, July 7.—The third annual

man, dusty, travel-stained pilgrim in a gray suit, and carrying a valise.

"I am a poor, honest, simple, but the man with the purple necktie retained possession of the prize.

"I saw that first," hotly exclaimed the traveller.

"If you saw it first, my friend," replied the other, "I saw it first."

honesty and integrity will be repatriated if he apologizes for his conduct, and he certainly should do so, for he was clearly in the wrong. • • •

Jockey Price, the English lad attached to Col. North's stable, was routed out of the stable by the police.

of the Bohemian American National Committee opened yesterday morning in the American-Art Club. President J. J. Prida presiding. The committee reported to various societies in America, 3,000,000 Bohemians.

Woman's Influence.

"You jumped in ahead of me," I saw it as soon as you did, if not a little sooner. "I was making for it when you stood up."

"I was nearest to it! I had the best right to it!"

"Softly, my dear sir," said the man in the top hat.

Racine, the California crack, has been

with the purple necktie, re-attaining as the wife advanced. "Possession is nine points of the law, and the point you are trying to make is not well taken, I think I saw first, and I certainly got it first. I am going to keep it, unless—hello!" he exclaimed, as he opened out the piece of green paper and looked at it.

Tara and George Miller are riding in great form in Chicago.

A. J. Casnat will sell a number of horses at the Madison.

Boys of dizziness, and

The wife wants health
she may be the companion
her husband and her family.

"Well," he said, "I guess that's square."

enough. 'Got a big bull with me here. Judge Fitzgerald, but he neither knows nor showed no action was taken. * * *

It is probable that by Saturday a temporary judges' stand will be erected at the paddock end of the grand stand so that the spectators can run the reverse way of the track. This will please the majority of the spectators. * * *

ing the \$20 in exchange.
Two hours later, with a fierce gleam in his eyes and a wicked grin on his face, he was hunting all over town for a man with a purple necktie.
The \$20 bill was a counterfeit.

THE CROWD, for more of the races can be seen, and that is what want.

Pierre Lorillard wants to match Yemiro against Pincoke for \$5,000 a side. weight and distance to be the same as yesterday. Mr. Lorillard had better

warn you to avoid a life of misery. Lydia E. Pinckham's Vegetable Compound goes to the root

of the trouble, and drives disease from your body.

showing the loneliness of the Pacific Ocean, says the Washington Star.

In the Summer of 1860 I left San Francisco on a sail vessel (formerly from Baltimore) for Canton, distant 4,000 miles, and on the entire route, which lasted forty-three days, we never

Gleeson & Daly have decided to send His Highness to the stud.

Choristes will start in the Lark Stakes. His leg is coming around all right.

All druggists sell it. Address in confidence.

LITIA R. FERGUSON M.D.
 101 LEIGH ST.
 LYNN E. FINKHAM'S
 Liver Pills, 25 cents.

John R. Smith
John R. Smith

Loneliness is no word for it, especially when we lay becalmed in the tropics. Our vessel, floating at a helpless drift about as a chip, on a mill pond, the ground swells keeping up the monotonous roll of the vessel from side to side and night and day after day each roll being accompanied by a flap

Jockey Flint, who has been released by the Burdige brothers, is under engagement to Boyie & Littlefield. He rode Lord Nelson a winner for his new employers yesterday.

Jockey Fitzpatrick is considering an

Saturday
and
Sunday

of the sails and a creaking of the rigging that might have passed for the flap of the wings and the wail of lost spirits.

When we read about Noah and his ark we are apt to think that he must have had rather a lonely time, but then he was out only forty days, and besides, with the animals.

A Chicago correspondent figures that Peter the Great will come near beating Domino because he is 6740 pounds better than when the Dolly colt best

offer from Ed Corrikan to ride Vassal in the World's Fair Stakes, and Taral will ride Domino.

Are The World's
House and Home Da

had plenty to occupy his time and attention, and if he wanted amusement he would go off and find it. He was to start a sparring match between his monkeys and parrots.

There is no report of any such proceeding on the part of the monkeys because there was no modern

him. This will make Easterners smile.

Willie Tribe, brother of Jockey E. Tribe, met Counsellor Bill Brien in the betting-ring just after the third race yesterday, and made a punching bag of him for two seconds. Tribes says that Brien sent Rear Guard to the post

*All House and H
Advs. appearing
The Morning Wo
on these days are*

development reporter on board. "I tell you, a man can't relax what loneliness or comfort is until he has made some such trip, and if he wants to complete his trip, the last line he should preface it with a tramp of 4,000 miles over the mountains and across the desert, amid wolves and wild Indians, as thousands of us did."

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